

# **Latin School Register.**

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The Bridge at Palma

The Dragon Claim

Milton Academy vs. Boston Latin

**MAY**

**1920**

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# Latin School Register

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MAY, 1920

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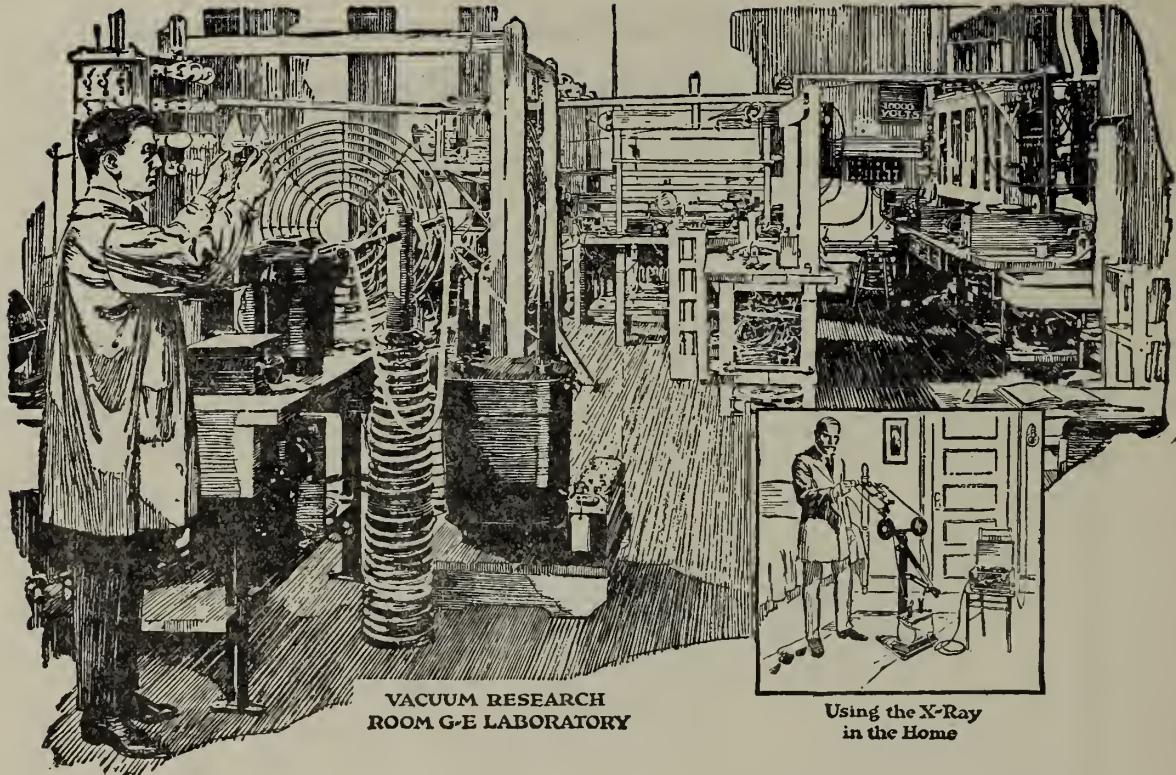
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# Latin School Register

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MAY, 1920

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## The Bridge at Palma

*By Frank R. Sweeney*

**E**XCITEMENT ran rife in the narrow streets of the capital of the South American republic of Ramada, for half-an-hour before a huge slate-colored cruiser had dropped anchor in the harbor and the Stars and Stripes had broken forth from her stern. Now the crowds on the wharves watched with interest as a big steam launch towed a string of cutters, each loaded with khaki-clad marines, over the glistening blue waters of the bay.

The three marine officers in khaki in the rear of the launch had little time for the beauty of the scene as they talked together, but the white-clad ensign in her bows was intensely admiring the view. Back of the town, a mere huddle of white walls and red roofs, with their background of verdant foliage, the setting sun was glowing forth from behind a rampart of jagged mountains, their sharp peaks clear and distinct against the red glow of the sky. Despite the apparent peacefulness of the scene, however, the country was seething with revolution, and the American and European mining interests at Vyerdos, 30 miles from the coast, were in great danger from the lawless and thieving bands

of the rebels, who were little better than bandits. The government troops had their hands full, and consequently the cruiser "Leopard" was landing the 99th Company, 99th Regiment, U. S. M. C., to hint gently to the revolutionists that their pest policy was to let Vyerdos alone.

The anxiety of the trim captain who marched at the head of the column had been increased by the news from the consul at Ramada's capital, that rebels were reported near the mines, and he consequently set out straight along the white ribbon of highroad which led to Vyerdos. The company, 120 men strong, swung silently out behind him, everyone engaged only in holding the fast, four-mile-an-hour pace which their leader set. The road wound in and out among banana plantations and other tropical trees, here swinging out among the trees, now running close to the railroad.

The 99th marched into a little town where a railroad station was situated, and an operator was waiting for them on the platform, yawning, indifferent, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He approached as the company came to a

halt for a five-minute rest, and singled out the captain.

"El Senor Capitan Murray?" he inquired lazily, extending a telegram. The captain took it, read it through hastily, and swore softly under his breath.

"Capt. Murray 99th Co. 99th Regt. U. S. M. C."

Rebels reported very near Vyerdos. Frantic calls help. Hurry. Use any means.

Jackson, Cons. Gen. U. S."

The officer wheeled on the languid operator. "Does this line run to Vyerdos?" he snapped.

"Si, Senor, but not quite. She stops five miles from there because the tracks they stop."

"Got a train made up?"

"Si, there is a train on this siding, but there is no engineer."

"I can run this engine, sir," interrupted a quiet voice, as 1st Lieutenant Fitzgerald saluted his commanding officer. "I've been looking it over, and while it's of the vintage of the '70s, I guess I can manage it."

"Very good, Lieutenant. I'll see to loading the men, and get a fireman."

"Is the track clear?" demanded Rob, turning to the operator.

"Si, Senor, no trains have run during three days."

"Good," and Rob hastened for the cab, having tossed his campaign hat and trim blouse into the first car. A husky marine had done likewise and was donning a greasy pair of overalls when Rob came up to the locomotive.

"Going to fire for me, eh, McCarthy?" the officer asked as he swung into the cab and settled down on the engineer's seat. "I didn't know you were in the game."

"Yes, sir. I fired for three years on the Penn. before the war came and I got into the service and decided to stay in."

Steam was already up in the boiler, and Rob jockeyed the antique locomotive out onto the main track and sent it ahead. The ruin creaked and strained, but it managed to pick up a pace of about fifteen miles an hour, despite the fact that it was only pulling four flat cars. Rob coaxed it up to its best pace, and then settled down to the nerve-racking job of guiding a locomotive along a track of which he knew nothing, which might end suddenly where some rebel band had pulled up the tracks, or suddenly plunge into some deep canyon where some enterprising "General" had blown up the bridge. He was very young, was this boyish Lieutenant, and his fireman wondered at it as he caught glimpses of the figure at the throttle in the frequent glare of light from the fire-box.

"Are the block signals set with you, sir?" asked Private McCarthy, anxiously. The mind of the railroad man rebelled at this free and easy manner of simply taking a train from the siding and running it without "running orders" or schedule.

"Block signals?" laughed the Lieutenant shortly. "No such thing in this country, McCarthy. You simply run on the engineer's own sweet will, and he wanders along the tracks where he wishes."

After a run of about an hour and a half, Rob saw a red light ahead, stopped the train, and swung down to investigate. A sergeant and a squad of men also dropped from the first car and spread out behind him, rifles ready for any sign of treachery. They found a small shack which evidently served as a station, a

siding, and, what was more important, the end of the main line. The only sign of life visible was the red lantern, rudely lashed to the top of a pole planted at one side of the track.

The company dropped from the cars and formed up and, while Rob ran the train upon the siding, donned his blouse and joined the company once more, Captain Murray and the second Lieutenant were poring over the map of the country. Their route speedily settled upon, they marched along the road to Vyerdos.

Desperate though the need for hurry was, they were detained for almost two hours because the bridge across the deep, swift-flowing Aguidlo had been burned, and they had to make a search for boats, as there was no other bridge within six miles. A long search produced only one small native craft, capable of holding only four men at a time, and the Captain fumed, and the Top Sergeant swore, and the men yawned and stretched while awaiting their turns, and the little craft made trip after trip across the river. Finally, however, all were across, and the column started on the fastest pace that the hardened right guide set. The operator's five miles proved to be ten, and dawn was breaking when the men marched into Vyerdos amid the enthusiastic cheers of the white colony there, broke ranks, and began to prepare the place for immediate defense, while Rob and Captain Murray entered the little office of the superintendent for information on the situation.

"You're not a minute too soon, sir," declared the haggard engineer hurriedly. "We've just got the information that a mounted force of two hundred men is approaching from the south, and a force of four hundred cavalry is nearing the bridge at Palma, half a mile to the south

of here. If you can defend the bridge—"

"Any cover near there?" interrupted the officer curtly.

"A little on the other side, but you could be flanked easily. There's no other bridge for eight miles."

"Humph! Lieutenant, take your platoon and blow up the bridge, *at any cost*."

Rob saluted, hurried from the little shack, and gave a few crisp orders. A minute later the platoon, three squads strong, left the town on a double quick, minus packs, but with extra belts of ammunition hastily strapped on. A pleasant faced young mining engineer named Carter ran as their guide, with a huge coil of battery wire over his shoulder; two men of the platoon carried battery boxes, and two more had powerful dynamite bombs.

"What is this bridge?" asked Rob as he hurried along.

"Iron girders—solid structure—fifty feet across," panted the engineer. "It—there—thunder! they're ahead of us."

Indeed, the sweating platoon had just topped the little rise in the road some fifty feet from the bridge, when they saw that the opposite bank of the canyon swarmed with a mob of ragged, motley men, well mounted and armed, whose foremost riders were just crossing the bridge. A sharp order, a volley from the rifles as the men dropped to the ground, and the yell of execration and derision from the bandits was drowned by the roar of the Springfields. The shooting of the expert men soon cleared the bridge, and the rebels retreated to the cover offered by rocks, uneven ground, and huge cacti, leaving the narrow bridge choked with the bodies of horses and men. They opened fire furiously, and a rain of lead swept the bridge and the exposed ground near it.

The position of the marines was peril-

ous in the extreme. They were but slightly protected by the ridge; their foes outnumbered them ten to one; they could hope to hold the bridge for only a short time, or while their ammunition lasted, and if once the men crossed the bridge, they would soon surround and cut to pieces the little band. The only way of saving themselves was by blowing up the bridge, and to do this fifty feet of open ground had to be crossed, exposed to a ceaseless storm of bullets, which ploughed and spattered and marked the rocky soil.

Carter had connected one end of the wires to the battery boxes and the switch lay ready to his hand. The bombs were already attached, and the coil lay ready to unreel rapidly. The engineer glanced anxiously at Rob, then at the bridge, and then back to Rob again. The latter was staring fixedly at the stretch of ground, his lips bit in thought. The men lay around him, working their bolts as fast as their fingers could move. Private Heinrich suddenly rolled over lifeless, with a bullet through his forehead; Sergeant Kenney's rifle was struck by a shot which ricocheted from the iron barrel and tore a jagged wound in his scalp; Carter was struck through the chest by a bullet and lay gasping on the ground.

Rob caught in his breath suddenly and, before the astonished rebels could realize it, before even his own men could grasp the full meaning of it, a slim figure in service khaki dashed for the bridge, head down, the two bombs dangling in his hand, the wire unreeling along the ground behind him. Corporal Curtis was still hardly comprehending the order which had suddenly grated into his ear, "Throw the switch when I wave my handkerchief, if ever I do."

The fire had slackened for a moment at the sheer audacity of the project, but

now it redoubled in fury. Rob's men worked their triggers and jammed in fresh clips of cartridges with demoniacal swiftness, but they were unable to keep down the fire which lashed every inch of the bare ground.

Truly, there is some special Providence which protects madmen, for such Rob seemed. A missile clipped his shoulder strap, another glanced from his leather belt, his hat was whipped off, he felt a sharp, stinging pain and the sudden flow of blood from a slight wound on the side of his head, but, comparatively unharmed, he gained the bridge, and flung himself down behind a broad iron girder at one end.

He stopped but an instant to get his breath, strapped the bombs through his belt, and then grasped a girder and swung himself by both hands along the strip of iron towards the center of the bridge. The bandits, realizing the danger to them if the bridge was blown up, made a desperate attempt to cross, but the desperate shooting of the marines soon choked the narrow structure with men and horses, and slowly, sullenly, the shattered ranks withdrew to the shelter of their riflemen.

Rob had been able to pay but little attention to this, however, for an active figure had swung down under the further end of the bridge and, holding on with one hand, had opened fire on the young officer with a revolver. Rob jerked forth his heavy automatic pistol, and a desperate exchange of shots spat viciously forth under the bridge. The flying missiles flattened dangerously near Rob until a well aimed shot struck the dangling bandit, and he dropped like a plummet to the rocks below.

It was the work of a moment to securely fasten the two bombs to the bridge and he hastily clambered back to

*(Continued on page 20)*

## The Editor's Page

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 8.

MAY 1920.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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H. R. ROBINSON—ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER	
P. L. BOYD	CLASS III EDITORS
H. E. WHITING	

### CLASS DAY NUMBER

In former years the May Number has always been the Class Day Number. This year we have decided to transfer everything pertaining to Class Day to the Graduation Number. Last year the Class Day Number contained only a part of the day's proceedings and the final number the other part. To avoid this, because we think these matters belong there, we shall place them in the last issue.

\* \* \*

### TOO BAD!

Class Day failed to produce a poet and so far the *Register* has likewise gone poemless. Usually in a school of this standing poets spring up on every hand. We hope that this does not mark the Decline and Fall of the Republic. The editor has labored to produce a poem of some sort but so far he has not even been able to compose a limerick. The rest of the Staff seem similarly gifted.

Arise, ye aspirants of fame and claim your own.

P. S. All joking aside, the *Register* could use several poems in the Graduation Number.

\* \* \*

### THE NEXT NUMBER

As the June issue will be the last publication of the *Register* for the school year of 1919-20, a special number is in preparation. This will consist of between eighty and a hundred pages and the co-operation of the Class of 1920 is sought for, since this number will serve as its Class Book. All members of the class are urged to take an active interest. There will be a large Literary Department consisting mainly of stories. The Staff would like others to share the work and honor with them and they desire that the Literary Department be written almost entirely by members outside the Staff. Stories should be between 1000 and 2000 words and must be in the hands of the editor by May 31.

## The Dragon Claim

*By Lyman B. Owen*

### PART II

The last rays of the setting sun silhouetted her charming figure against the deep crimson of the tinted sky. From under a soft felt hat little puffs of fluffy blonde hair entranced the golden beams that played around them. As she drew nearer, she slackened her speed gradually until her black and white mustang came to a halt at Jerry's side. A look of mingled pity and horror came over her features as she stood gazing at the lifeless form of the unfortunate easterner. Paying no attention to the stranger, Jerry covered Lewis's face with a large bandanna and proceeded to shoot the horse which was suffering agony from a broken leg and collar bone. Finally, summoning all his courage, Jerry turned his glance to the stranger. She instinctively shrank from him.

"Did you kill him?" she asked fearfully. "Are you a murderer of both man and beast?"

Jerry's features underwent a queer transition at this unexpected question. "No, my girl," he explained calmly. "I came by here just before you and found this poor fellow lying dead under his horse which had evidently fallen and broken its leg."

"Oh, I'm so glad you aren't a guilty man!" she exclaimed, evidently greatly relieved.

After the unpleasant business of breaking the news to Betty's folks, they both turned back down the road towards "Crab" Flint's estate. At the point

where the road curved around the bluff of Little Sandy, Jerry halted.

"I must leave you here," he said wistfully. "I hope we may meet again under more pleasant circumstances."

It was a wonderful night. Dusk enveloped the entire prairie. Here and there little stars popped out in the heavens as if the Great Watcher were illuminating these torches with his magic, twinkling light that he might the more carefully guard them as they stood there. Far off through the lonely sage-brush the long, drawn-out yell of a coyote echoed across the deserted prairie. The spell was intense. Strangers together on a night like this with only nature's bivouac for an adornment seemed to know each other almost as brother and sister.

"You haven't told me your name," came shyly from the lips of the girl.

Jerry felt a thrill of joy run through him to think that so beautiful a specimen of the human race as this goddess appeared to him should want to know his name. He felt like saying jokingly that he didn't know hers either so they were both even, but restrained himself.

"Jerry Gardiner of the Double X ranch, at your service,—and yours?"

"Marie," she answered abruptly.

"But that isn't all, certainly?"

"You must be satisfied with that for now, Mr. Gardiner," she declared and galloped away to be swallowed up by the balmy night.

Jerry straightened his feet in his stirrups and sat there motionless for a minute, thinking of this last remark. "She must be 'Crab' Flint's daughter," he mused, and then: "How the dickens could a girl like that be the daughter of such a dastardly crook? She must be, though!" Thus he mused and finally roused his horse and rode off around the other side of Little Sandy.

The next few weeks found Jerry busy with legal matters pertaining to Lewis's death. This brought him into contact with Betty once more and he was able to see that the effects of Lewis's death were plain on her once smiling face. She would undoubtedly accept a union with him now that Dave was gone, he thought, but remembered constantly the vow which he had made on the day of her dissension.

The failure of Lewis to operate the mine successfully interested him. He was anxious to examine the claim carefully so to Betty's request to attend to the business of the mine he gladly accepted and set to work in his spare time studying books on mines and mining.

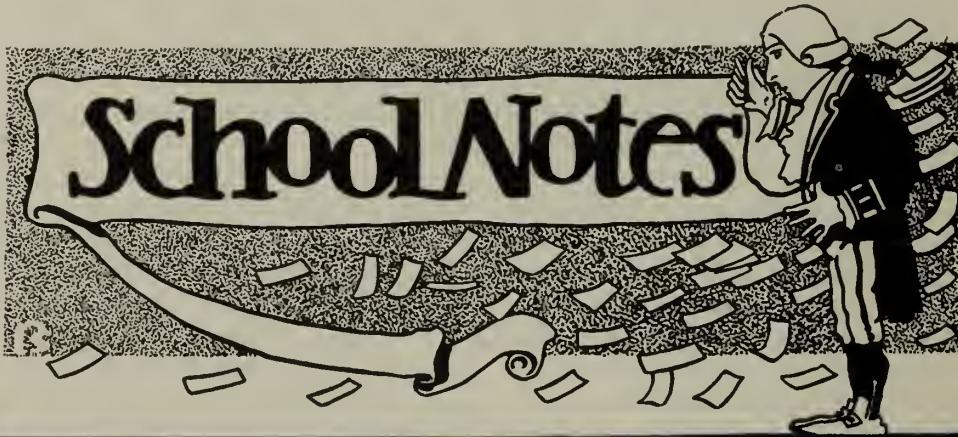
Days rolled along into weeks and weeks into months. Jerry spent much of his spare time in exploring the mine and its passages. Ever since the night of Lewis's tragic death he continued to see the girl who had called herself Marie, with the growing realization that she must be "Crab" Flint's daughter. Often they would take a long ride on Sunday to some distant mountain. Under this new friendship Jerry felt himself being restored to happiness and a desire really to live and get the most out of life surged through his whole spirit. Marie was always happy and gay but never frivolous. He was able to gather from fragments of her talk that she had attended college in the East and found that she could express

her sentiments and views clearly on almost any subject from philosophy to brick-laying.

One morning in June found the happy pair en route for the Dragon claim. Jerry had met his companion just around the bluff of Little Sandy—their usual meeting-place. A light breeze gently wafted the sage brush as their horses sauntered along. It was summer for everybody but especially for Jerry. His spirit had emerged from a long winter of disappointment and was now beginning to bloom with the fragrance of youth and love. At his side rode the fairest of all nature's queens. Oft that old love he had known for Betty would give him a pang of remorse; to think that he had not saved his untainted affections for this beautiful goddess. He knew practically nothing of her past—didn't even know her full name—but on this wonderful morning, with its invigorating air that makes a fellow yearn to be a real man, he was sure of one thing: he loved Marie with all his heart and must soon tell her so. The only thing that seemed to hinder their affection was the shroud of mystery around Marie's arrival at Mill Creek and her relatives if she had any except Crab Flint, whose fathership was still uncertain in Jerry's mind.

Their too abrupt arrival at the mine wrested all thoughts of love from Jerry's mind for the moment. He made his way down to the power house to turn on the current for the electric elevator that ran up and down the shaft of the mine. As the pump at the bottom of this shaft had not been kept running, there was a great amount of water at the bottom of it, making it possible to go down only to the fourth level of lodes. Soon they were both on the elevator where Jerry had placed some

(Continued on page 16)



WHEN General Pershing was in Boston, several of the officers of the Boston School Cadets were selected as a special escort to him. When he met them the following dialogue ensued:

Colonel Benyon—"We have 5500 men like these."

General Pershing—"What, 5500 like this one?" (pointing to Latin School boy) "Great! The nation is saved, I wish I could see more of them."

Colonel Benyon—"Come on next May when there is less snow on the ground."

General Pershing—"I accept with pleasure your invitation, and will try."

\* \* \*

"Education is preparation for a life of usefulness." The above statement was made by William H. Geer, Director of Physical Education at Harvard, in our hall Monday, March 8. Now, a life of usefulness is of necessity primarily physical. Without a strong body mental and spiritual culture are worthless. Therefore our education should first of all prepare us physically, but does it? Every member of our school ought to spend part of each afternoon or all of some afternoons, playing baseball, rowing with the crew, or with the outdoor track team, but will he? Under present conditions he can't. Evidently

an essential part of our education is not given universally by the school. At Harvard 80 per cent. of all freshmen were placed in the two lowest classes, in other words, "do not use their bodies well." These are given corrective exercise, generally in the form of sports. Why can't we here make corrective exercise there unnecessary?

\* \* \*

It is interesting to note that, of the public school candidates for Harvard College from 1914-1917, taking the examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board, 92 per cent. of those under the New Plan were successful, while 66.3 per cent. under the Old Plan succeeded. This school prepares by the Old Plan.

\* \* \*

Arthur W. Marget, '17, has recently added another achievement to the long list of his successes, for he has been awarded a Frederick Sheldon Prize Fellowship for traveling and study in Europe next year. He is completing his college course in June in 3 years, and has recently been elected First Marshal of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

\* \* \*

During the past month, one more of our prominent alumni has passed away.

(Continued on page 14)

## Sport News

By N. F. Stuart

### BASEBALL

On Tuesday, April 6, a baseball meeting was held by Coach O'Brien and about 125 promising candidates reported. It does seem that athletics has taken a new lease of life in this school. Let us hope so at any rate.

If our prophecy is right, Latin School will again see a championship baseball team. Of the team that won the city championship last season, we have Capt. Campbell, Ryan, Phinney, Collins, and Samuels still candidates for the team.

Upon Phinney, who alternated between pitcher and outfield last year, will rest the bulk of the mound work. He will no doubt have a very able understudy in Burns, who is unexperienced but seems to have a lot of "stuff." Colton and Cronin are two other pitchers who will keep the scores of our opponents down.

The receiving end will be well taken care of by Samuels, who was also an outfielder last year, and O'Neil. The former has shown that he can peg to a base and also hold fast pitching on curves.

Captain Campbell, a veteran first

baseman, will again occupy that position, which he has always taken care of so well.

Ryan, who was always a consistent second baseman, will again occupy that position. The Ryan-Campbell combination ought to be very noticeable.

The hot corner, third base, has many candidates, but above all, Gorman stands out most promising. His hitting and fielding are excellent and he is also a sure pegger. This boy has been coming along fast of late, and after a few small games, we must not be surprised to see wonders from him.

The outfield, consisting of Doherty, Collins, and Koplow, ought to be among the best in the city. All three are good hitters and, who has seen any better pegger than Doherty? Very seldom, indeed, it was last year that any opponent tried to make home from third base, when a fly was hit to this player.

All in all, Latin School has a fast, brainy, hard hitting team and all we can wish to Capt. Campbell and the members is the "Best of Luck" throughout the coming season."

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# 12 Latin School Register

## B. L. S. 5 MILTON ACAD. 7

On April 14, Milton Academy beat Boston Latin by the score of 7 to 5 at the former's home grounds. The fielding of our team was very ragged, especially in the sixth inning, when Milton "put the game on ice." Until this time Phinney pitched a fine game for our school but, when he failed to receive any support from his teammates, he was relieved by Cronin, who pitched good ball for three innings. Many candidates were tried by Coach O'Brien in order to get a line on them for the coming city games. We can hardly call the exhibition by our team a good one, but one must consider that on account of the poor weather conditions there has been little or no chance for any outdoor practice.

Lee, Rice, Swift, and Powell did the best work for Milton, while Doherty, Malley, Ryan and Samuels excelled for Latin.

The feature play was a running catch made by Powell of Milton off Ryan's bat. This hit looked good for extra bases. It certainly was a fine catch!

The score:

### BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

	AB.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Ryan 2b.	4	1	1	2	1
Campbell 1b.	1	0	14	0	1
Malley ss.	4	1	1	2	1
Gorman 3b.	4	0	0	1	1
Collins lf.	2	0	1	0	0
O'Neil lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Doherty cf.	3	2	0	0	0
Koplows rf.	2	0	1	0	0
Hull rf.	1	0	0	0	0
McInnes rf.	1	0	0	0	0
Samuels	4	2	6	3	1
Phinney	3	0	0	8	1
Cronin	0	0	0	0	0
*Colton	1	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	31	6	24	16	6

### MILTON

	AB.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lee 3b.	5	2	0	3	0
Burgess lf.	2	0	0	0	0
Rice 2b.	5	2	0	2	0
Powell rf.	4	0	2	0	0
Cushing ss.	2	0	0	2	0
Howe cf.	2	0	0	0	1
Swift 1b.	3	1	14	0	2
Nichols c.	2	0	7	1	0
Sinclair c.	1	1	4	0	0
Burbank p.	4	1	0	5	0
*Tisdale	1	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	31	7	27	13	3

\*Colton batted for Cronin in the ninth.

\*Tisdale batted for Nichols in the sixth.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Milton Acad.	1	0	2	0	0	4	0	0	—7
Boston Latin	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	0—5

Runs made by Lee 2, Burgess, Powell, Howe, Swift, Tisdale, Ryan 2, Campbell, Samuels. Stolen bases, Latin 5, Milton 2. Base on balls by Burbank 4, by Phinney 3. Struck out by Burbank 11, by Phinney 3. Double play, Malley, Ryan and Campbell. Time 2h. 5m. Umpire, Fitzpatrick.

### CREW

On Friday, April 9, a crew meeting was held at which about one hundred boys desirous of making their letter reported. There surely seemed to be enough coxswains, but oarsmen were greatly lacking. The plans for the coming season were outlined.

On Tuesday, February 13, the first practice was held, on Charles River. The coach, Mr. Manning, made the statement that he had never seen a school that had such an amount of promising material as the Latin School has this year. A number of boat loads went out for their first spin and it was indeed more than pleasing to see with

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# 14 Latin School Register

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what ease and grace our future representatives of this school grasped the instruction, and the suggestions, given by the coach and veterans of the crew. The make-up of the first and second crews is, of course, uncertain, but there is no doubt that Capt. Strauss, Stuart, Cleary, Bunker, Hailpary, Norton, and Scheffreen will be the most likely winners of seats in the shell, when the crews line up at the starting place for the annual regatta for the B. F. Keith Memorial Trophy. This great event is to be on the Charles River over the Henley distance on June 8 and 10 this year.

There is any amount of coxswain material, but Watson, a veteran of three races, is the boy likely to handle the tiller ropes of the first boat, because of his previous experience.

The veteran oarsmen consist of Strauss, Stuart, Cleary, Norton, and Scheffreen. The most important acquisition is Cleary, former center of the football team. Although not rowing before for the "Purple and White" he has gained much experience by rowing under the colors of the St. Alphonsus Boat Club. To have a man of his calibre and experience is very stimulating to boys who are striving hard to bring the "Cup" to Latin School. We all know that this oarsman will do wonders.

Even though the material seems good, let this not deter any boy from trying for a seat, as we all know what great destruction a Latin School report card can do. How many times has an excellent team been, as we might say, "shot to pieces" by this monthly school document? As this has happened in the past, it is bound to take place in the future. Therefore, prepare. Come out and learn the rudiments of crew. To the oarsmen all we can say is, "Work hard and faithfully at both crew and studies!"

It is hoped that arrangements can be made so that our crew can race those representing other schools, in order to gain much needed experience. Negotiations are being made with Tabor Academy and Exeter Academy. Let us try hard to have the best season ever and to be the first school to get a second leg on the B. F. Keith Memorial Trophy.

Faculty Manager of the Crew, Mr. Campbell, has appointed Saunders of Room 13 Manager of the crew.

*(Continued from page 10)*

Grant Walker, B. L. S., '69, long an outstanding figure in the financial affairs of many leading corporations of New England, died at his home on Beacon Street, April 4.

\* \* \*

The Latin School Class of 1917 had its first reunion at the Quincy House, April 14. 45 members of the class were present and many members of our faculty. Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald spoke.

\* \* \*

If those venerable gentlemen whose portraits adorn the walls of our hall could have awakened once more, what would have been their thoughts as they heard the strains of "The Vamp" echo throughout the once somber atmosphere of our classical institution? Would it seem strange? Probably. But harmless? Surely.

\* \* \*

Rev. Henry H. Crane, '09, who spoke so ably to us on February 20, has recently been unanimously called to the Centre Methodist Episcopal Church, Malden, Mass., the largest in the New England Conference.

\* \* \*

Robert Wiener, '08, formerly on the staff of the Stars and Stripes, is now managing editor of the Anglo-American Paris Review, Paris, France.

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(Continued from page 9)

charges of dynamite along with some fuses and some stout ropes in case of accident. As the power was turned on, they began to sink, sink, sink. Little drops of dewy water trickled down the sides of the large shaft and far below they could hear the incessant dripping into the dark, stagnant pool below. At the fourth level Jerry stopped the elevator and taking a heavy charge of powder and a safety fuse set out up the north-eastern lode. Marie accompanied him, picking out her way carefully by the dim light of a miner's lamp. The charge was laid at a place Jerry had marked on a previous visit, and, after the long fuse had been lit, they tore back towards the elevator and the current was slammed on full force. Up, up they went, the tiny hole of light at the top growing gradually larger and larger. Seconds passed that seemed like hours. Suddenly far below them a mighty rumble broke out, bursting forth into a deafening roar and echoing and re-echoing throughout the deserted passages. Almost as suddenly as this crash, Jerry became possessed by a queer feeling which led him to utter a startled exclamation—slowly but surely the elevator was sinking. Marie looked at him in horror. They both fully realized the terrible fate that awaited them in that dark bottomless pool below. Jerry fiercely manipulated the levers but the elevator seemed possessed by a demon that refused to allow it to stop or ascend. Evidently one of the cables was broken.

"We must jump into the next passage!" Jerry yelled, grabbing his companion by the hand.

They both prepared for the leap. The elevator was going faster now. Suddenly a large hole yawned before them in the darkness. "Ready! Jump!" They

both jumped together but some turn of devilish luck intervened. In spite of his firm grasp Marie's hand slipped from Jerry's and she slipped back into the elevator as they leaped. The fated car had dropped far below before Jerry could realize what had happened. Choking with despair he could hardly think. What could he do?

At this point our story turns back to the plots of the dastardly Flint. Alarmed by the operations of Jerry at the mine he had decided that something must be done. On this particular morning he had planned a trip to Betty's house. He felt that he must force her to sell the mine in case Jerry should discover any of his crooked plots in connection with the claim. Accordingly on this splendid morning he drew up in front of the lovely house Dave Lewis had built some years before, and made his way to the front door. Betty admitted him fearfully and showed him into a lovely sitting room.

"I've come to put up a little business proposition, Mrs. Lewis," began the inventor of so many criminal plots. "You know I was always interested in your husband and tried to get him a successful job."

"Yes, so much so that you ran for mayor against him and sold him a claim that was practically worthless," declared Betty disdainfully.

"Well," replied Flint composedly, "you know this is a free country and if a man wants to run for a public office, he's got just as much right as anyone else. But this isn't getting down to business. I've come here to make you a good proposition on the mine. I feel sorry for you in your disappointment and I am willing to pay a fair price for a mine I know is practically worthless, if you wish to sell it."

This statement set Betty to thinking. Why should a man like this who hated

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almost everybody but himself make a proposition like this? "There must be some wise plan after all," she thought. "Perhaps he knows where the wealth of the claim is and wants to buy it back, after cheating me on it." She was firm that she would not budge an inch on the deal.

"Andy! Hank!" suddenly exclaimed the tyrant as two devilish crooks stepped from behind the curtains. "Bind her! we've got a good place to put people like you!" he sneered in Betty's face. A blanket was thrown around the helpless woman and she was carried out and placed in Flint's handsomely decorated stage. As the vehicle crossed the railroad track that wound its solitary path through Mill Creek it barely missed colliding with the wheezing morning train. A large gray-haired individual sprang from the steps of the car and placed himself deftly on the rear of the coach. None of the crooks were aware of his presence and as the coach neared the Flint estate he jumped off and concealed himself in the surrounding thickets. The men carried Betty into the house, followed by Flint himself, and soon the gray haired figure was seen sneaking around the windows of the building. Finding one open, he speedily jumped in and held his leveled revolver at Flint and his two cronies. Cold sweat stood out on "Crab's" wrinkled brow and a look of deathlike horror came over his face as he gazed into the features of the stranger.

"God!" he exclaimed terrified, "Where'd you come from?"

"Never you mind where I came from. I'm here, and by the name of all that's just and fair in this old world, you're going to suffer what you deserve, you devil!"

Betty shrank away from the group and leaned against the wall.

The stranger continued. "So you're the villain that ran away with my wife, are you? I've tried for fourteen long years to forgive you because I knew that she loved you and she asked me to spare you but when you deprived me of my daughter and tried to take away my life, that was more than even a saint could stand. Now you shall suffer as I have suffered for years that seem like ages. Where is my daughter—what have you done to her?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" yelled Flint sinking to his knees in despair. "Oh!" he moaned. "Justice has overtaken me at last. She has won out in this long fight and I must suffer the consequences!"

Suddenly Flint's cronies made a flying leap at the stranger but he was too quick for them and one after the other they doubled up on the richly carpeted floor. Suddenly a deep roar seemed to be issuing from the bowels of the earth stopping as mysteriously as it had begun.

"Come with me!" yelled Flint.

The stranger followed him, keeping him covered, all the while, with his weapon. Lifting up a trap door the two descended into the darkness of the dungeon. After minutes that seemed hours they came upon a deep gap in the passage-way where evidently a commotion had just taken place. "Crab" seized a heavy plank and stretched across the chasm. Then both crossed and ran on into the darkness. Soon they came to the place that Flint recognized as the main shaft of the mine. Evidently the explosion had blown the old cement wall to pieces and so made it possible to get into the mine from "Crab's" dungeon. Far below a faint splash was heard and then a mumbled groan. The old man was quick to understand the situation.

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"You get a long rope quick!" he yelled to Flint.

Then with a leap he seized one of the heavy elevator cables and let himself slowly down into the dark abyss. In the large pool below he ran his groping hand onto two bodies. He could not discern them in the darkness but was able to find out that one was holding the other up.

"For heavens sake, man, hold me up or I'll sink," a man's voice muttered feebly.

A stout rope was thrown down by Flint and with a great deal of difficulty the two were rescued to safety.

"That girl is your daughter, Haynes," Flint declared at last.

"Thank God I have found you at last," cried the old man joyfully and as he did so, the girl opened her drooping eyelids and mumbled "Father, Father." Then as Jerry bent over her to caress her, she murmered faintly "Oh Jerry, I knew you'd come and get me."

Suddenly the happy trio heard behind them a thud. In the dim light of the miner's lamp they could see the body of "Crab" Flint stretched out on the black earth. He was dead! He had sacrificed his life but had he made expiation for all his wrongs?

(*The End.*)

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(Continued from page 6)

the end of the bridge. He was taking a chance, counting on the end of the bridge to stay firm to the bank and protect him from flying fragments and the bullets from the opposite side, and he raised his arm and handkerchief quickly over the rim of the canyon.

"I dank they bane got the Loot," grunted big Private Swenson as he carefully picked off a little rebel with a gay red serape. "He's gone, by yimminy!"

"I think he ain't gone," growled Private Davis, filling his magazine, "but my cartridges is. Gi' me a clip."

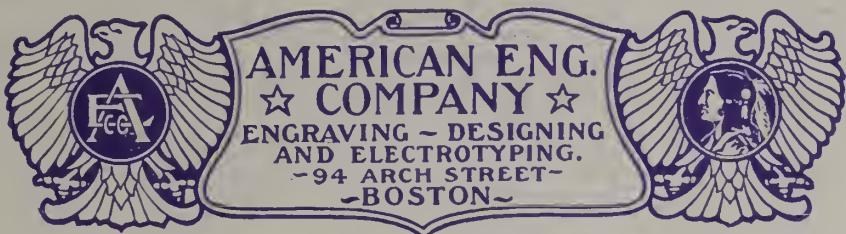
Above the canyon's rim appeared, for an instant, the fluttering bit of white, and Corporal Curtis, with a quick sigh of relief, threw down the switch. There was a roar like thunder, an upheaval of iron beams and wooden planking, a vast cloud of smoke and dust, a cheer from the marines, and a yell of rage from their enemies. First Lieut. Fitzgerald, in his shelter under the fragment of bridge which still remained, grinned cheerfully and lighted a cigarette.

"The only thing to do now," he reflected calmly, "is to wait until my friends on the other side get tired of waiting and go home."

He had not long to wait, however. Knowing that the ruin of the bridge destroyed their last hopes, and anxious to escape these men who shot so straight and so hard, the bandits mounted and galloped away, leaving fully half their number dead or wounded on the field. Half an hour later the platoon, with Lieutenant Fitzgerald at their head, marched into Vyerdos, meeting the second platoon just about to start to their aid. The 99th had just repulsed the attack of some two hundred men who, finding the place defended, had beat a hasty retreat.

Rob did not get the D. S. C., for, being the only commissioned officer there, he naturally did not recommend himself, but to-day, in the mess-rooms of the regiment, whether they be in the sun-baked Philippines or in frozen Alaska, in sunny California or rock-bound Maine, tossing on the stormy Atlantic or lying quiet in barracks at home, one of the proudest pages in the history of the 99th is the story of Lieutenant Fitzgerald, and the canyon bridge at Palma.

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